

Nothing so heauy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:  
For vnderneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,  
The Caſtle in S. Albons, Somerſet  
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:  
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull ſtill:  
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excursions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good Margaret ſtay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:  
Now is it manhood, wiſedome, and defence,  
To giue the enemy way, and to ſecure vs  
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

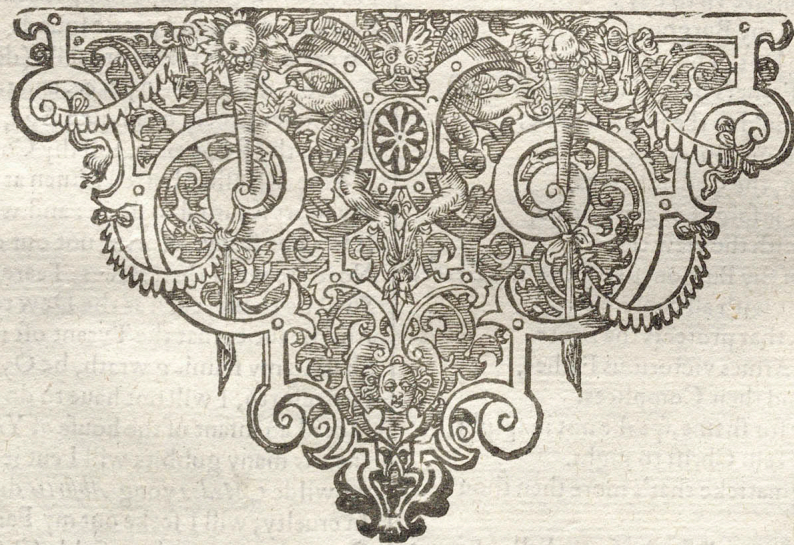
If you be tane, we then ſhould ſee the bottome  
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,  
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)  
We ſhall to London get, where you are lou'd,  
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made  
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future miſcheefe ſet,  
I would ſpeake blaſphemy ere bid you flye:  
But flye you muſt: Vncurable diſcomſite  
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts.  
Away for your releefe, and we will liue  
To ſee their day, and them our Fortune giue.  
Away my Lord, away.

Exeunt

FINIS.



## The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mount-  
ague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick.

Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?  
Pl. While we purſu'd the Horſemen of y North,  
He ſlyly ſtole away, and left his men:  
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,  
Whoſe Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,  
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himſelfe.  
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford all a-breſt  
Charg'd our maine Battails Front: and breaking in,  
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers ſlaine.

Edw. Lord Staffords Father, Duke of Buckingham,  
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerous.  
I left his Beauer with a down-right blow:  
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltſhires  
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd. (blood,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.  
Plant. Richard hath beſt deſeru'd of all my ſonnes:  
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerſet?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gaunt.

Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King Henries head.

Warw. And ſo doe I, victorious Prince of Yorke.

Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,

Which now the Houſe of Lancaſter vſurpes,

I vow by Heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.

This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,

And this the Regall Seat: poſſeſſe it Yorke,

For this is thine, and not King Henries Heires.

Plant. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet Warwick, and I will,

For hither we haue broken in by force.

Nor. VVee'le all aſſiſt you: he that flies, ſhall dye.

Plant. Thankes gentle Norfolk, ſtay by me my Lords,

And Souldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,

Vnleſſe he ſeek to thruſt you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,

But little thinks we ſhall be of her counſaile,

By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.

Pl. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,

Vnleſſe Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, be King,

And baſhfull Henry depos'd, whoſe Cowardize  
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be reſolute,  
\*meane to take poſſeſſion of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him beſt,  
The proudeſt hee that holds vp Lancaſter,  
Dares ſtirre a Wing, if Warwick ſhake his Bells.  
He plant Plantagenet, root him vp who dares:  
Reſolute thee Richard, clayme the Engliſh Crowne.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland,  
Weſtmerland, Exeter, and the reſt.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the ſturdie Rebell ſits,  
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,  
Backt by the power of Warwick, that falſe Peere,  
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.  
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy Father,  
And thine, Lord Clifford, & you both haue vow'd reuenge  
On him, his ſonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in  
Steele.

Weſtm. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? lets pluck him down,  
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Weſtmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, ſuch as he:

He durſt not ſit there, had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament

Let vs aſſaile the Family of Yorke.

North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,

And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Weſtm. But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'le quickly  
flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from Henries heart,

To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.

Couſin of Exeter, frowne, words, and threats,

Shall be the Warre that Henry meanes to vſe.

Thou factious Duke of Yorke deſcend my Throne,

And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,

I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of  
Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldome was.

Exet. Thy